

*Don't Sorrow*  
**DON'T BE SORROWFUL DARLING.**



**SONG & CHORUS.**

THE MUSIC BY

**J. P. WEBSTER.**

BOSTON.

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# DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING!

WORDS BY

ALICE CARY,

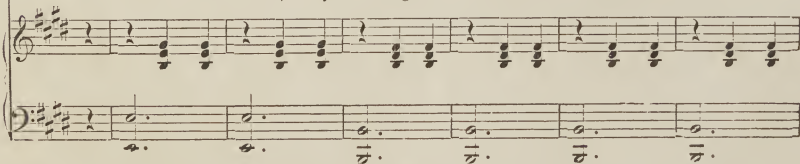
To whom this humble offering is dedicated, with the sincerest regards of the author.

J. P. WEBSTER.

CANTABILE. Affettuoso sempre.



1.	Ah,	don't	be	sor - row-ful,	dar-ling,	And	don't	be	sor - row-ful			
2.	We	are	old	folks	now,	my	dar-ling,	Our	heads	they	are	grow - ing
3.	And	God	is	God,	my	dar-ling,	Of	night	as	well	as	of



prayer, gray, day, But Tak-ing the year to- geth- er, my dear, There is- n't more  
But tak- ing the year all a- round, my dear, You will al- ways  
And we feel and know that we can go Wher- ev- er he

night than day! 'Tis rai- ny weath- er, my dar- ling, Time's  
find th' May! We have had our May, my dar- ling, And our  
leads the way. Aye, God of the night, my dar- ling— Of

waves, they heav- i- ly run, But tak- ing the year to-  
ro- ses, long a- go, And th' time of the year is  
th' night of death, so grim; The gate that leads out of

geth- er, my dear, There is- n't more cloud than sun!  
com- ing, my dear, For th' si- lent night and th' snow!  
life, good wife, Is th' gate that leads to Him.

Don't be Sorrowful, Darling.

# CHORUS.

**AIR.**

Then, don't be sor-rowful, dar-ling, Don't be sorrow-ful, pray; For,

**ALTO.**

**TENOR.**

Then, don't be sor-rowful, dar-ling, Don't be screw-ful, pray; For,

**BASS.**

tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

tak-ing the year to-geth-er, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

Don't be Sorrowful De'ar

PAYED

